# ON MAN. A SATYR.

By a Perſon of Honour.

*30. Jan. 16 79/80.*

TO what Intent and Purpoſe was Man made,
Who is by Birth to Miſery betray'd!
That in this ſlender Courſe of Life runs thrô
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
Doctors, Divines, great Diſpenſations, Punns,
Ill-lookt Citizens, and ſcurvy Dunns;
Conceited Laureats, dull, long Opera's,
And thoſe that ne'er were Poets, yet write Plays;
Inſipid Squires, fat Biſhops, Deans and Chapters,
Enthuſiaſts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures;
Pox, Gouts, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums, and Aches,
Half-witted Lords, double-chinn'd Bawds with Patches;
Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery-ſuits for Life,
A tracing Whore, and a moſt tedious Wife;
Raw Innes-of-Court-men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
Bullies Robuſt, raw Aldermen, and Clowns.
Gown-men that argue about, diſcuſs, and prate,
And vent dull Notions of a future State;
Sure of another World, and do not know
Whether they ſhall be ſav'd, or damn'd, or how.
'Twere better therefore that Men had ne'er been,
Than thus Unfortunate. *God ſave the Queen.*

*FINIS.*